

Gogol Bordello, Punk Rock Parranda

If you don't see no punks in downtown,
Do you know this town is dying quick? (It's just no good!)
I'll guarantee you in this town
You'll have a trouble finding goddamn prostitutes.

In this kind of town,
The girls are stingy (?), and guys are broke.
In this kind of town,
You will be always dying for a poke.

In this kind of town,
The sociological balance is absurd.
And in this kind of town,
The women they never get wet.

And in this kind of town,
Music is only beg or help or dying
And in this kind of town,
Whoah!

So that's when I pull over on a Texaco,
With my new friends from Mexica,
And with unlimited (inaudible),
We started new... punk rock Parranda.
(Ohh punk! Punk!)

If music doesn't come from windows,
You know that something's definitely wrong, (It's f**king wrong!)
And all the cars, they pass by in silence,
(Ukrainian)

And if there is no guitar in a house,
You know its owner, he cannot be trusted.
And if there is no drumset in the office,
Don't be surprised when the business get busted.

And if your spouse doesn't play a sitar,
Don't expect a whole lot of commitment.
And if President doesn't play the sax,
He will not get an under-table treatment.

And in this kind of town,
Say you kick somebody in the head -
They just, they likely sue you,
But mad, no they don't get mad!

So that's when I pull over on a Texaco,
With my new friends from Mexica,
And with unlimited (inaudible),
We started new... samba!

(Ukrainian)

And in this kind of town,
The logical balance is absurd.
And in this kind of town,
The women they never get wet.